

## Varsity Rugby Team Conquers U.B.C. in First Game 20 - 11

Hard-Fought Struggle at Vancouver Gives Green and Gold Victory Wednesday—Hess Again Stars—Alberta Score First—Next Game Saturday

SCORING SUMMARY	
Alberta	B.C.
First Quarter—	
Touchdown (Hess) .....	5
Kick to deadline (Hayes) .....	1
Second Quarter—	
Kick to deadline (Hess) .....	1
Third Quarter—	
Touchdown, converted (Hess) .....	6
Touchdown (Hess) .....	5
Fourth Quarter—	
Kick to deadline (Hess) .....	1
Kick to deadline (Hess) .....	1
Total .....	11

The Green and Gold rugby pennant of the University of Alberta was hoisted another notch nearer complete intercollegiate supremacy in the West when they added another victory to their unblemished record by defeating U.B.C.'s representatives 20-11 at Athletic Park in Vancouver last Wednesday afternoon. Led by the sensational half-back, Captain Freddie Hess, who scored nineteen of his team's twenty points, the Green and Gold twelve gave a brilliant exhibition of the Canadian game as played on the prairies under conditions that were nearly ideal; the team was greeted with fine weather, no rain and a field almost dry. A crowd of 1,500 spectators was on hand to watch the game. Coach Sterling's team showed up well, and despite the fact the members had stepped off the train only a few hours before the game they withstood the battering tactics of the Coasters in pretty good shape. The Alberta line gave fine protection on the offensive and its efficient interference enabled the backfield men to pull off several long runs. Hess, of course, was the big noise, but Timothy also shared the limelight with some brilliant runs, and Gus Runge played one of his best games, having two 30-yard dashes to his credit. Al Hall at the snap position was another good man; his work offensively and defensively could not have been better.

### Victory Hard Earned

But the glorious victory was hard earned. The Blue and Gold team from the coast put up a great fight all the way, and they had a good margin of the entire play. The all-around play of "Cokie" Shields, U.B.C. half, was one of the features of the game. His kicks were just as good, if not better, than Hess's, and his great broken field running time and again placed his team in a dangerous position.

The next game on Saturday allows the Alberta team three days rest, but it also allows the change in altitude to sea-level to do its work in slowing up the local boys. We don't like to say so, but if U.B.C. puts up as strong an argument as it can on Saturday the struggle will be very tough, and the issue of the battle (in Alberta's favour) will not be decided until the last moments of the game have been ticked off.

### Varsity Loses No Time

Alberta scored a touchdown in the first two minutes of play, when on the first play Mickey Timothy broke away around the right end for 55 yards to place the team in a scoring position. It did not take B.C. long to even things, however, when the team marched up the field and Dirom plunged over. Alberta's other two tries were due to Hess in the third quarter, and in the same quarter Shields went over for B.C.'s second touch. The remaining points were garnered through a rouge and kicks to the deadline.

### How Things Went

Alberta were first on the field and punted the ball up and down, while B.C. were still in their dressing room. The coast boys came out about five minutes later, ran up and down the field, and then were photographed before taking up battle array. Hess and Odium went to the centre of the field and tossed up. Alberta won the toss and elected to receive. B.C. had to kick off into the wind and the sun. Dean R. W. Brook, acting president of the University of B.C., kicked off to officially open the game. Smith kicked for U.B.C. Barnett received for Alberta. First

down Alberta. Timothy went round right end, 55 yards on an end run. On the first down Runge took the ball 2 yards, and then Hess carried it the remaining distance for a touchdown, which he failed to convert. Alberta 5, U.B.C. 0. Graner did some fine plunging for B.C., but could not keep it up. Hess kicked on the first down. On B.C.'s third down Shields faked a kick on B.C.'s 50-yard line and ran through the Alberta team to the 10-yard line before Shandro could stop him. Hess punted again on his first down, but this time U.B.C. worked through for their first touch by Dirom, unconverted. Alberta 5, U.B.C. 5. The quarter ended when in an exchange of kicks Hess punted to Shields, who dropped the ball, and Hayes booted the ball into touch for 1 point. Alberta 6, U.B.C. 5.

### Second Quarter

In the second quarter B.C. evaded things up when Gittus scooped up one of Hess's blocked kicks. Shields attempted a field goal, which was wide, but Shandro was caught for a rouge. Alberta 6, U.B.C. 6. There was no further scoring until just before the break, when Hess kicked from the 30-yard line to deadline for 1 point. Half-time: Alberta 7, U.B.C. 6.

### Third Quarter

Near the start of the second half Hess took the ball and ran 30 yards; Shields hit him, but he was over the line for a try. There was nice interference on the play. Hess kicked and converted. Alberta 12, U.B.C. 6. The coast boys came back strong when Dirom made 15 yards around the field, then passed as he was tackled to Shields, who took it 40 yards. A B.C. onside kick was unsuccessful, and Shields took a pass from Gittus and dodged over for a touch. He failed to convert. Alberta 13, U.B.C. 11. As soon as Alberta regained the ball Hess again travelled around B.C.'s end for 30 yards and a try. No convert. Alberta 18, U.B.C. 11.

### Fourth Quarter

In the final quarter Hess confined himself to two kicks to the deadline, bringing Alberta's total up to 20. Two long runs, one by Shields for 40 yards and one by Hess for 30, failed to produce touchdowns. Final score: Alberta 20, U.B.C. 11.

## MEMORY

Do you recall the days we spent together, you and I?  
Those happy days—in memory will not die.  
What fun and joy to watch the evening sky,  
To see a lovely sunset gradually sink and die!  
To see its flaming orange turn to deeper red,  
To see, against the colored sky, clouds as of molten lead  
Form into life-like pictures: remember the old witch's head,  
The island of palms, the stately bridge, and others left unsaid?  
Days of summer sunshine have turned to slaty gray.  
The sky no longer seems so clear, dull the weary day.  
Mem'ries come like lightning on a summer's night;  
Flashing for a moment to give the darkness light.  
Black is the hour, but the sun will shine  
Again at the dawn of your day and mine.

—E.

## THE FORUM

From 8 to 10 o'clock last evening budding orators held forth on the question of co-education. At the end of that time a vote of the house showed that, by forty-two to thirty the motion "That co-education be abolished in this institution," had gone down to defeat. The details and casualties of the battle are given by an eye-witness.

Mr. R. V. Clark (A): "Man's love is of his life, a thing of art; it is woman's whole existence. The fundamental difference in the nature of man and woman is that woman is a servant of nature in building a home and perpetuating the race." Oh, so hard on the ladies. The pursuit of knowledge is man's business. Women are not at Varsity to wrest the secrets from nature.

E. Gibbs (N): Man's mistake is in assuming that his point of view is the point of view. Upheld rights of women to mingle with men in doing "bigger and better things." Co-education makes for a happier and broader outlook upon life.

MacMillan (N): During the last 15 years women advanced as much as man in previous 150 years.

Elsie Young (N): "The woman's cause is man's; they rise and sink together." Not ladies but woman-students. Shame on the young gent who wears da-zzling ties.

Mr. Surplus (A): Sweetness and light. Admitted that perhaps he would be happier at the museum.

H. N. May (N): Had difficulty with finess; believes in men and women living together in harmony.

Mr. Jones (A): Admits guilt of

two crimes, bribery and fickleness. A little off the issue. "His heart bleeds."

Ken MacKenzie (N): Pointed out that there had been no very definite argument.

J. Friend Day at this point assisted with a reading from Stephen Leacock, the greatest authority on co-education: A girl who knows algebra is a better mate than one that does not. "Is a lawyer a wife and mother? I trust that he is not."

R. V. Clark (A): A university should be a place where the pursuit of wisdom can be carried on without the trammeling influence of co-eds.

Miss Sestrap (A): Co-education is man's only protection, since, having experienced man's dumbness at first hand, the college woman is not interested in being a menace.

Mr. Macconachie (A): Speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice.

Sid Bowden (N): A welcome draught of common sense. The pursuit of man is not woman's sole occupation.

Ken MacKenzie (N): Likes to be called a he-man. The opinions of Mr. Macconachie, he being neither fish, flesh, nor guid red herring, have no bearing on the debate. The average student does not find the sum of his existence in peering into a test tube.

R. V. Clark (closing debate): "O that we had some of those men not degenerated by co-education, capable of dealing with this problem critically."

## BRIGHT FUTURE IN STORE FOR CANADA

Professor Osborne, in Exchange Lecture, Stresses Duty of Youth

Yesterday morning at 10:30 the students of the University had the pleasure of hearing Professor Osborne, exchange lecturer from the University of Manitoba, in Convocation Hall, on "A Challenge to the Youth of Canada."

In his opening remarks, Professor Osborne uttered a question which has occupied many noble minds, "What will make Canada great?" He then proceeded to enumerate the essentials for this. In the past Canadians have been too lethargic in the observance of their duty of patriotism. There is great reason that she should be proud of herself. She is a great land, stretching from sea to sea, wondrous as regards scenery, fertile and giving homes to a multitude of settlers.

Her population is a valuable factor in the making of a great land. She has a valuable base of English stock, heirs to the brilliant traditions of the British Empire. To these are being steadily added a multitude of races from other European lands, who are bringing the best of their culture to Canada. It is a duty to make these people welcome, and to attempt to give them a national attitude.

It is well, Prof. Osborne emphasized, that we should recognize that we are a part of the vast upward movement of humanity. There is an element of responsible greatness in the changes that take place. Not all change has been for improvement, and it is our duty to watch that the changes be only for the good.

One of the reasons that mistakes are made is that the youth of the country are not readers. They pass by the documents that embody the continuity of history in pursuit of vainer things.

But our hope is in youth. Age is partly a matter of arteries, but more one of attitude. Youth is resolute and full of hope. Professor Osborne illustrated the true attitude here by quotations from the Odyssey and from Hamlet, and went on to say that the future of Canada is certain. The national program must be an active one, whereby we may reap joy in a task well done.

We, as the coming generation, have the duty of recognizing the solidarity of society. There is nothing so foolish and so dangerous to civilization as a class or fratricidal war. Such actions only defeat their purposes. Nor can men ever hope to fire the whole world, recklessly to pull down the class which is on top and place another class in their place.

In closing he again enumerated his points. Should we desire to raise our city before all others, should we desire to make Canada truly great, then it is our duty to be truly patriotic both to city and to country. Recognize the position which is held by all, as heir to the ages, and aim at progress. Have faith in our social system that it is one integral thing, and not a collection of warring factions. Heed our critics. Learn from them, for they are the judges of our moments, our cause and our enterprise. And lastly do not believe what has been the special glory of our race in the past, namely, freedom of thought, freedom of speech, and free discussion.

The University of Oklahoma will offer a course in aeronautical engineering next year, which will consist of three years in the School of Engineering and one year of professional training.

## CKUA FEATURES VARSITY EVENING

Musical Program and Debate Are Widely Appreciated By Radio Audience

On Monday evening last another very successful "Varsity Evening" was broadcast from CKUA. Numerous appreciations have been received at the studio from near and far which bear enthusiastic evidence of the appreciation of and interest in the Varsity students' program. In view of subsequent "Varsity Evenings" the Radio Committee would greatly appreciate the aid of any students who can contribute to musical programs.

Miss Elsie Rogers opened the musical program with two beautifully rendered violin selections. Miss Kathleen Campbell ably accompanied her on the piano. The remainder of the musical program was given by three talented musicians: Ed Reed, piano; Sid White, violin; and Pete Kilburn, cello. This consisted of two trio selections and pianoforte and violin solos. The trio selections were very effectively played and proved particularly popular.

The remainder of the evening was taken up with a debate to the effect that the present Federal Immigration policy should be more restrictive. J. M. Manson and R. Hill spoke for the Affirmative and Eric Gibbs and L. Alexander for the Negative, while J. Friend Day officiated as chairman.

In opening the argument for the affirmative, R. Hill pointed out the inadvisability of any addition to our population by immigration on account of an apparent scarcity of labour. He advised against the indiscriminate sharing of the period of prosperity upon which Canada seems to be entering. Rather preserve this to be shared by posterity than throw it to all who come to take it. Referring to the policy of the United States in adopting open immigration he said, "She is now an enormous, polyglot nation, facing several serious national crises, with doors closed to the world, wishing she had closed them sooner and indeed lamenting that she had opened them so widely."

L. Alexander, speaking for the Negative, alluded to the worn-out argument that an influx of foreign immigration seriously lowers our racial standard. This, he said, was a futile and useless argument. "Being a good Empire citizen to-day," he claimed, "should only imply being a good citizen of the particular country within the Empire to which one belongs." He stressed the value of selective immigration. Better to choose the best from numerous countries than to more readily admit all comers from Britain. The speaker denied the assertion that the influence of foreigners has a corrupting effect upon politics.

J. Manson, Affirmative, dwelt on the fact that unrestricted immigration would lower racial standards and subsequently Canadian standards of living. He further argued that social and health problems presented by large numbers of immigrants result in considerable expense to the government, in order that they may not be a menace to the comfort and safety of Canadians. A free flow of foreigners into our country, he said, would complicate the problem of interracial prejudice and international goodwill.

Continuing the argument for the Negative, E. Gibbs said that foreigners are not necessarily inferior to our own peoples, as prejudice and tradition would lead us to believe. On the contrary, they are in many re-

## Tragedy, Comedy Compete For Inter-Year Dramatic Crown

December 7th Set For Competition—Freshmen Delayed—Sophomore Playing Satire on Melodrama—Juniors Presenting "The Betrayal"—Seniors Choose Grim Tragedy

The dramatic muse returns once more to our halls on Friday, December 7th, to grace the Inter-year Play Competition.

As in other years, each class will present a one-act play, but contrary to other years, the Sophomores and Freshmen are obliged to play comedy, while the upper classes, whose choice is unrestricted, have chosen more serious drama.

At present the Freshmen are in a state of confusion owing to difficulties which have arisen over two prospective plays. The delay is unfortunate, and will handicap them to a considerable degree, but we feel sure that under the capable guidance of Dave Griesdorf, who has had considerable experience in and around the stage, and his able colleagues, Margaret Lang and Mr. Hamilton, the Frosh will do themselves proud.

The Sophomores are working on a comedy by A. A. Milne, "The Man in the Bowler Hat." Through the plot of this play, which is simple but delightfully foolish, runs a thread of satire at the expense of the melodrama so common on the cheaper stage two or three decades ago. With J. A. Farrell directing a strong cast, which includes Margaret Race, E. Gibbs, Don Macdonald, Doris Calhoun, W. Race and Ramsey Little, Class '31 is confident of a place in the running for dramatic honors on play night.

Tragedy, stark and primitive, is the choice of the Junior Class. Under the able guidance of Emrys Jones and his colleague, Hugh Morrison, "The Betrayal," a one-act masterpiece of Padraic Colum, will tell again its story of treachery, greed and the honor of a patriot-mother. "Felp" Priestley and Miss Jean Black have the leading roles, assisted by Herb Surplus and Russel Dewar. Both Priestley and Miss Black are known for their excellent performances in former year-plays. Surplus and Dewar are newcomers on the stage, but have had varied experiences as directors and stage assistants. The Juniors hope seriously to contest the honors, and are putting forth every effort to that end.

The Seniors breathed a sigh of relief when they found Al Barrowman. He will play the hero, James Dyke. This is a difficult character

spects superior, and have much to teach us. He also denied the statement that foreign immigration would lower racial standards. Foreigners, he said, often become more truly Canadian than British immigrants, who are apt to be more fixed and dogmatic in their habits and thoughts.

In response to a request for votes as to the winners of the debate, answers received at the studio to date give the decision to the affirmative.

In the numerous letters of appreciation with which the radio audience announced their approval of the type of program the debaters were lauded for the distinct manner in which they spoke and the original freshness of their arguments.

"The debate had its interesting point in the probable descent of the speakers," reads one letter, while from another—"I suggest that this is a feature that should be continued. It is a refreshing change from jazz, and is informative and novel."

Thanks are due to all those students who contributed to this splendid program. The response which greeted their efforts has shown them to be well worth while.

## 1928-29 YEAR BOOK PLANS UNDER WAY

Don Cameron, Newly-Appointed Year Book Manager, Is Organizing Staff

With the appointment of the Director of the Year Book for 1928-29, the business of getting a staff lined up and organizing the work has gotten under way.

In view of the fact that the term is well advanced now and a vast amount of work is entailed in publishing the Year Book, the staff wish to take this opportunity of soliciting the whole-hearted co-operation of the students to do their share by getting their pictures taken at once and turning them in to the Evergreen and Gold office.

Class organizations, athletic teams and executives are urged to get their group pictures and write-ups prepared at once so that they can be turned in before Xmas.

Certain date limits will be announced in The Gateway and on the bulletin boards, by which all pictures must be in, and if they are not in by that time they will not appear in the Year Book. So if you want your picture in get it in early, as the staff are determined to carry out this policy this year.

portrayal of a man on the eve of his death, but from what Mr. Barrowman has done so far, it is certain that he can do the part justice. It is not decided yet who will play the warden. Peg Roseborough and Graham Caldwell will play the girl and the priest, respectively. Vic Gowan is directing.

The more than usual amount of talent which is in evidence this year promises an unsurpassed performance on play night.

## CAUSERIE DONNEE AU CERCLE FRANCAIS

Experience Intéressante de Mlle. Young chez les Canadiens-Français

A la deuxième réunion du Cercle Français, Mlle Elsie Young surprit les membres du Cercle par une excellente causerie où brillèrent surtout l'originalité et la sincérité. "Une têtée pleine de surprises." Tel fut le sujet que traita Mlle Young. Partie pour enseigner à Saint-Paul des Metis, elle tombe au milieu d'une population canadienne-française: elle se croit en France. Ses préjugés lui font regarder de mauvais oeil cette population française et ces enfants canadiens-français et catholiques qui revendiquent leurs libertés nationales et religieuses en exprimant leur volonté de vivre: "La Survivance!" A quoi bon enseigner deux langues à ces petits enfants? Pourquoi l'enseignement du français? Le Canada n'est-il pas pays britannique? Pourquoi ne pas avoir la fusion des deux grandes races du Canada? Autant de questions qu'elle se pose. Mais elle pense... et voit que ses opinions "deviennent plus sages". Elle comprend: le Canada est grand, libre, généreux. La disparition des Canadiens-français, dont la langue reflète l'âme et l'esprit, n'est pas à désirer. Vers la fin des vacances Mlle Young avait perdu plusieurs de ses préjugés qu'elle remplaça par un amour et un estime pour les canadiens-français.

## Did You See—?

Al Hall working in the lower Common Room prior to leaving for the coast. Peggy Roseborough coming out of the Upper Wauneta Rooms. Bob Mair looking sad over something. Eric Gibbs, talking over a cup of tea at the Tuck. "Ham" Hamilton oozing around the halls on Friday morning. Kay Burgess rushing across the campus in the direction of the Arts Building. Alan Caracallen dressed like a northern trapper on Sunday. Leyda Seattrap scanning the Roll of Honor in the Arts hall. Bill Cutsungavich spending a good deal of his time in the Arts Building. Marjorie Allen seemingly lost. Morley Hodgson strutting his stuff through the Med. halls. Margaret Sloane eating one of her usual meals at the Tuck. Arthur Paul at the organ recital Sunday afternoon. David Griesdorf sponsoring something they call the Fresh play. Grace Dunlop among others acting chivalrously toward the boys in Phil. 2 Tuesday morning. Johnny Rule wearing a puzzled look over a Physics 6 test. Wilson Parker leaving the Army somewhat early on Tuesday. George Decker once again in deep discussion at the Tuck.

## MUCH RIVALRY IN HOUSE BASKETBALL

Two Games Have Been Played to Date and Competition Is Keen

The House Basketball League is started on another successful season. Two games have been played to date and both contests have been productive of closely contested basketball. Team 1, captained by Bentley, met and defeated Team 2, led by Al Russell. The final score was 12-5, but not until Russell's bunch had put up a good stiff fight. Bentley's team was not up to full strength at the beginning of the game, and so he recruited two or three strong players from other teams. These recruits aided Team 1 considerably.

### Gowan vs. McBeth

In the second game, played Tuesday evening, Team 8, captained by Vic Gowan, pulled out a victory against Team 9, headed by McBeth. The game was close all the way, and it was not until the final whistle blew that the game was definitely settled, although at that time Team 8 was on the long end of an 18-10 count. At half-time, however, the score was tied, and poor shooting on both sides kept the score down. Bayne on defence and Coffin and Gowan stood out for the winners, while Brodie played a good game for the losers. Captain McBeth of the losers was unable to play owing to an injured leg.

## WHAT DO YOU THINK?

DO YOU CONSIDER THAT THE WEARING OF GOWNS BY STUDENTS AT LECTURES SHOULD BE MADE COMPULSORY?

H. D. Surplus, Arts '30: Not with everything so high these days.  
J. M. Oswald, Arts '30: No, why be sophisticated?  
Peggy Caven, Arts '31: Can't see that it would make for any improvement.  
Chris, Com. '30, and Dot, Arts '30: A gown costs.  
Bill Roxburgh, Arts '32: Not in favor.  
Lyle H. Pearlman, Com. '31: A very foolish idea, no sense at all.  
Edith Judd, H.Ec. '31: Not in favor; we women must consider the men.  
W. Ward, Sci. '32: Yes; in a classroom more attention is paid, among the men students, to the dress of young ladies; so, if gowns were worn by these young ladies, more interest would be taken in the work.  
Janet Wells, Sci. '30: Shouldn't like to be bothered by one myself.  
G. R. Pinchbeck, Sci. '32: No, the co-eds would soon have theirs covered with pictures anyway.  
Mary Smith, Arts '31: It would save other clothes.  
L. Saucier, Arts '29: Unnecessary formality.  
Evelyn Atkin, Arts '31: Too sepulchral.





## THE GATEWAY

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## THE PROPER STUDY

An editorial appeared in this column last week making a plea to women for greater courtesy in their relations with men. Undoubtedly the remarks made were called for—even necessary. But it might be well for us to remember that among the men students too, there exists sometimes unbelievable depths of discourtesy and misconduct. We do not wish to sermonize—indeed we are not in a position to do so. But yet we cannot but feel that consideration of a few vital points would improve incalculably our attitudes to each other.

It is a platitude to say, "We are all too prone to condemn." But a platitude only becomes a platitude because of its universality. We are all too prone to condemn those whose attitudes or whose actions, we feel, slight or do injury to ourselves. But if our antagonist is sincere, why should we at once condemn him? Sincerity covers a multitude of sins. If we could say to ourselves, every time anyone angers us—"Well, he thinks he is right. I know he isn't. But I can't blame him for acting as he does, when he believes he is acting as he should"—a long step would have been taken towards the millennium.

Again, if we could all realize that there is no such thing as absolute right or absolute wrong on earth or in the heavens, there would be among mortals such an ameliorative reconciliation of conflicting temperaments as would transform existence. For example—to use an analogy little worthy the dignity of the subject, but applying directly to the raison d'être of these words—two students meet at a door leading into a building, and having been jostled into each other by the hurrying crowd, they glare at each other. Each one, from the standpoint of the social convention which decrees politeness in passing, is wrong. Each one, from his own point of view, which sees the incident as purely accidental on his part, is right. Both are right in their own eyes, wrong in the other's. There is no rule whose results, if practised, would be of more universal benefit than the Golden Rule. Yet how often is it practised.

Lastly, our social troubles result from persons in whom the ego is abnormally developed—people who for any one of a multitude of reasons, wish to act as though they were just a little better than their fellows. With regard to them, just a word. Why can they not realize that it is only the charlatan, the parvenu, the holder-of-nothing, who puts on airs? The real lady or gentleman doesn't need to.

## THE COURTESY OF MEN

Recently the complaints have been numerous against the lack of courtesy among co-eds. Some of those complained against suggest that the co-eds are driven to discourteous habits by the behaviour of the "eds" themselves.

Last winter a lady in discussing a particular male student said that, when she met "the boor" on the street, he said, "Hello, there!" stuck out his gloved hand, kept his pipe in his mouth, his collar over his face, and his hat on his head. It was a cold day and his neglect to uncover might have been condoned. But the pipe and the gloves—oh, my dear! And the gruff greeting, simply outrageous! At least, he might have bowed and said, "Excuse my glove, collar, pipe and hat."

We have heard ladies condemn students who fortify themselves with strong waters before attending dances. If we could speak with a slow drawl we would agree with them and say that such a practise is really bad form. The moral side of the question does not bother us in the least. At times some people find it beneficial to their souls to gaze at the world through gin-filled glasses. But students who drink should remember that they may be vexing residence dietitians, and by taking artificial stimulants, upsetting the apple-cart of many well-laid plans. Besides, it is rather uncomfortable for a lady to listen to a conversation borne on a strong wind blowing from the direction of the old distillery.

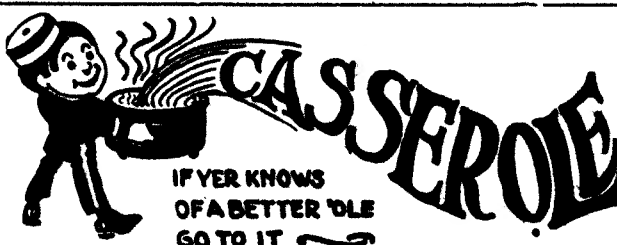
A general rule might be set down: On the whole men are more considerate of ladies, in public, than ladies are of men; but, in private, the opposite may hold true. (If we were a woman, we might think differently on the latter point.) In this connection, playing traitor to our sex, we must condemn students who refer to ladies as "dames," "janes," "frails," and "skirts."

Being old-fashioned we are all for gallantry, and gallantry is best proven under adverse conditions, such as on a cold winter's day, or in a crowded street car, or in a rather forgetful gathering of stags. —E. M. J.

## "EDMONTON, D.C."

An item in this week's Casserole brings to us the thought that all is not as it should be in halls of learning in this continent. The item mentioned is only one proof that while a university education may fit one for earning a living, it does not always give one such a general culture as will enable him to appreciate "The best that is known and thought in the world."

Again, such an example as that which was mentioned in last week's Exchange column, to the effect that a certain university journal contained the item: "Dr. R. C. Wallace has been appointed president of the University of Alberta, Edmonton, D.C.," shows that a little attention given to public school geography would at least not be too incongruous among university students.



Jock—Did you hear about the accident this week?  
Hock—No.

Jock—Two taxi-cabs collided and 18 Varsity students were hurt.—Kindness of the University of Edinburgh.

## Intelligence test for Freshmen:

1. When a girl screams, it means she is (scared, bored, thrilled, ticklish). Check appropriate word.  
2. Silk stockings are (all silk, cotton-top, transparent, annoying). Check word you think is most incongruous.  
3. You are sitting on the top step of a flight of stairs. Another couple occupies a step in the middle of the flight. There is a bottle of cough medicine on the lowest step. How can you get to the bottom without embarrassing the interposed couple?

4. Two is company, and three is a (crowd, almost a bridge game, a life-saver, a respectable party). Check appropriate word or phrase.

5. Who said, "A girl in the parlor is better than three in a classroom?" (Patrick Henry, the Duke of Wellington, O. Henry, Don MacKenzie). Check appropriate name, if any.

6. When a girl says "No" it means ("No!" "No!" "No!" "Well what would you do if you were in my place?") Miss this one and you flunk!

Pete Kilburn says there are 184 shades of silk hose on the market. We suggest that Pete get down to business and quit loafing in the halls.

Co-ed—You remind me of the wild sea waves.  
Freshman—Oh-h-h—because I'm so restless and unconquered?

Co-ed—No, because you're all wet and you make me sick.

Reporter—What shall I say about the two peroxide blondes who made such a fuss at the rugby game?  
Hugh Morrison—Why, say the bleachers went wild.

(Sorry, but we must tell another about the track meet.)

She—Tell me about the track meet.  
He—Dear me, no. I never tell racy stories.

Proud Co-ed—The president of our class has asked me to sit on his right hand at the dinner tonight.  
Skeptic—What's he gonna use to stir his coffee with?

Dear Romeo—What do the letters G.H.I. stand for?—Duckie.

Darling Duckie:

G stands for gin, the elixir of life,  
That gives you an edge as keen as a knife,  
Turns night into day and wrong into right—  
A few drinks too many, and OUT LIKE A Light.

H is for house-parties, highballs and hell.  
No need to explain, you know them quite well.  
However, the first two will lead to the last—  
You'll be a girl with a future as well as a past.

I is for "It," that Miss L. Glynn has found  
So necessary for every young girl to expound,  
A shape that's red-hot and very few clothes,  
That show just enough will bring you the beaus.

Soph—Something seems to be wrong with the engine, it—

Co-ed—Don't talk foolish. Wait until we get off this main road.

"Yassar, dat hoss ob mine am de fastest hoss in da worl'! He cud run a mile a minute if it warn't fo' one thing."

"What's dat, brudder?"  
"De distance am too long for de shortness ob de time."

Old Lady (to college student)—Do you drink?  
College Student (brightening up)—Sure. Where shall we go?

Home they brought her college dude,  
She nor wept nor uttered cry;—  
"Pour some water on the stewed—  
He'll come to by and by."

This next one isn't so good.  
First Drunk—How do ya spell Smith?  
Second Ditto—S-m-i-t-h.  
First Tight—S-m-i-t-h.  
Second Ditto—No, S-m-i-t-h.  
First Tank—I knew there was a P in there.  
Second Ditto—What's a P doing in there?  
First Stew—Didn't you ask me how to spell toma-toes?

Second Ditto—I don't like potatoes, and I'm glad I don't like them, 'cause if I liked them I'd eat them, and I just hate spinach.

First Drunk—Who?  
Both—Birdseed.

No wonder the little duckling  
Wears on its face a frown,  
For it has just discovered  
Its first pair of pants are DOWN.

English as she is in college:  
And all the brains aren't in college. At least, the interpretation of English words by engineering students at the University of Wisconsin astonished officials and scored one point in favor of stricter classes in English.

Here are interpretations of some English words that a few juniors at that college offered: "gubernatorial"—pertaining to the power of eating; "pseudo"—Mexican coin; "albino"—an animal similar to a mule; "agrarian"—grass eating; "sextant"—a person in church who rings the bells; "epithet"—a missile.



Edmonton, Alta.,  
Nov. 18, 1928.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—Recently I had the pleasure of having dinner in the good old U. of A. dining hall again, and of having a chat with the boys over the recent change in Student Union government, and student affairs in general. Everything seemed to be working out fairly satisfactorily this year, but I was rather surprised to hear that last year's financial affairs had not yet been straightened out.

For one who is interested in student affairs, it was rather a surprise to learn that nearly two months after the term opened a satisfactory financial statement of the Year Book and of the Students' Union finances was not available. Everyone seemed to expect confidently that the accounts receivable would more than equal any accounts payable, but at the same time no one seemed to really know exactly what situation the finances were in.

Would it seem presumptuous for a graduate to take sufficient interest to suggest that Students' Union and Year Book finances for the 1927-28 fiscal year would be an apt topic for the next Students' Council meeting?

Yours faithfully,  
JACK MARSHALL.

## ARMISTICE DAY, 1928

Ten years—

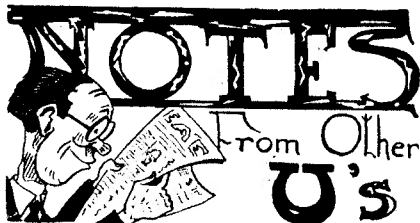
In these no rifle rang:  
The frightened birds  
Rearing their little broods again  
Taught them each homely strain  
Which once they sang.

Ten years—

And people come and go  
Over the graves of these  
Who fought and died for peace,  
Who fought—that wars might cease  
Ten years ago.

A decade, more or less,  
To bring a newer race of men—  
These, in their littleness,  
Forget the past, and cry for wars  
again.

—O. R. W.



Hamilton, Ont., has turned the first sod of its new \$2,500,000 university the beginning of November.

I do not mind that gold is often tinsel,  
And if you please, I'd rather not be told.  
It's thinking it is gold that makes it precious  
And thinking it is precious makes it gold.  
—Eleanor Slater, in Contemporary Verse.

Two Canadian university students, M. K. Kenny of University of Toronto and R. M. Alexandra of McGill, Montreal, who are making a debating tour of English universities, had an enlivening experience at Leeds University Friday night. They opposed a motion which deplored the influence of toy soldiers on the young. They were overwhelmingly supported by the vote, but confessed it was the noisiest meeting they had ever attended.

The hall was plastered with legends such as "Good old Canada," "Canada is Wet," and references to boy and women emigrants. When the gallery greeted the visitors with "Yankee Doodle," the Canadians felt obliged to point out that such a musical selection, however well intended, was not appropriate.—Varsity.

Selling one's blood is a queer but not unusual way for students to earn spending money. Earning money becomes rather irksome if long working hours force studying to run into the early morning, but blood transfusion requires only a short time, and does not usually leave the donor in a weakened condition.

A system has been devised at Michigan University hospital, which makes the transfusion of blood a fairly simple process. Besides the money which the student gets for his blood, there is the added sentiment of having saved somebody's life.—McGill Daily.

## They Say

Professor William Lyon Phelps, of Yale, is often called an omnivorous reader. He says he differs from those who read only modern novels which glorify the flesh. These he describes as "carnivorous readers."

President Faunce, of Brown University, says that he would sooner be without a desk than a waste basket.

A shrewd and witty Chinest student described the American University as "an athletic association where opportunities for study are provided for the feeble-bodied."

"Nature detests a vacuum, so when she finds one in the human head she fills it with words."

—McMaster University Monthly.



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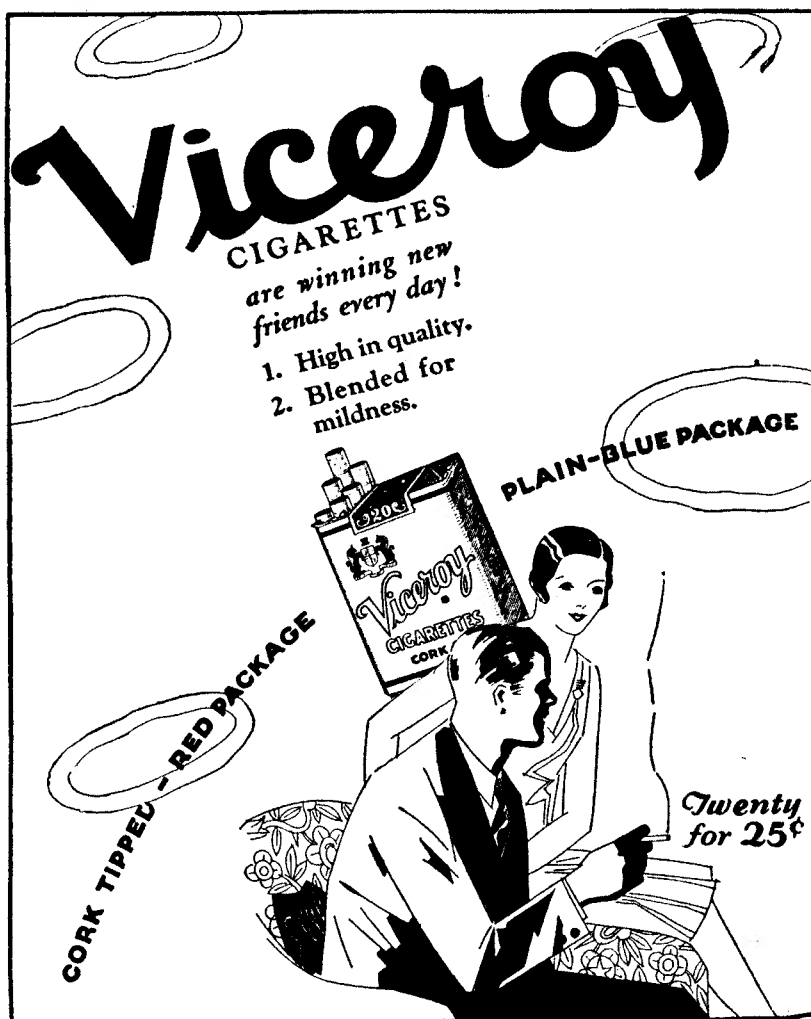
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## "By Their Hands You Shall Know Them"

ARTICLE II.

### THE HEART AND MARRIAGE LINES

By now, if you have read the article in last week's Gateway about the shape of the hands, you will have decided what type of individual you are and probably to what type your friends belong. But the study of the shape of the hand is only one branch of Palmistry. The greatest branch is the study of the lines in the hand.

There are not two people in this world whose hands contain the same lines, and very rarely do you find a case where the left and right hand of an individual are identical. The left hand represents the hand you are born with, the right, the hand that you have made. I always read the right hand.

As the heart and marriage lines are so closely connected in relation to one another, I will try to describe their place in the hand.

#### The Heart Line

Look at your right hand. You will find a line beginning between the first and second fingers, or just below the first finger, which curves slightly downwards, then across the hand, about three-quarters of an inch below the base of the fingers. This is the heart line, and in many hands is the clearest line on the palm.

It is very important to you where the line starts. If it begins between the first and second fingers, you are very calm and very deep in your affections. When you are in love you are very demonstrative and are ready to do anything for the person on whom you have bestowed your affection.

But perhaps your heart line does not begin between the first and second fingers. Look at your hand again. Does it begin just beneath the first finger? You are very moderate in your affections, but a great idealist. You make friends and you stand by them. You have a high code of honor and morality. You will be very ambitious for the person you marry. Girls whose heart lines begin under the first finger are the ones who encourage their husbands to work and be successful. If they once really love, they love until death does part.

#### Are You Selfish?

Again your heart line may rise under the second finger. Unfortunately the man or woman whose heart line begins thus. They are very selfish

in their affections. They are very jealous and cannot bear a rival.

If your heart line does not go completely across your hand, you have very little affection for anyone.

Sometimes the heart line instead of going up in between the first and second fingers bends down towards the thumb. If so, you will be very disappointed in love, and will always be in love with the wrong person.

Now look carefully, and see if your heart line is one complete line, or made up of several little lines, like a chain. If it is formed thus you are a flirt and very unconstant in love.

Perhaps your heart line begins with two prongs or branches, one between the first and second finger and one under the first finger. In this case you have a well-balanced and affectionate disposition, and you will be happy in life.

#### The Marriage Line

Now let us turn to the marriage line.

"Am I going to be married?" Of course you want to know. Turn your hand so that the edge including the little finger is facing you. Between the base of the little finger and the heart line you will find a line or lines, usually about one-half an inch in length. We are all interested in this line, for it foretells a turning point in everyone's life, a time when they desert home and friends and kindred for the one whom they love.

Marriage! "Please tell me if I am going to be married." Well, if you have the line you certainly are. "But when?" As the marriageable age lies between sixteen and forty, we will let the space between the heart line and the base of the little finger represent these years. If the marriage line on your hand lies half-way between you will marry when you are around 30 or 32. If the line lies near the heart line you will marry when you are eighteen or nineteen, and so on. Now, look and see when you are going to be married.

But you want to know more than that. "Is my marriage going to be delayed?" If there are two small lines joined together forming an island at the beginning of the marriage line (nearest the back of the hand) your marriage will not take place for 3 or 4 years after the time destined for you to be married.

If the marriage line divides into two branches at the end of the line, the people will live apart from one another. This usually means the divorce court.

If the marriage line bends downwards your partner will die before you do. If the line is crossed by a small line at the end there will be an accident of some nature which will result in the ill-health of your partner.

But you want to know about the children. Are there any little lines rising from the marriage line to-

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### MODERN POETRY

This is an age, someone has said, of prose. Modern poetry and so-called free verse, can never reach the poetic heights of poetry attained in the nineteenth century. To a learned mind, or at least to a mind of some intellect, the absurdity of this statement is ridiculously obvious.

Modern poetry, indeed, with its wonderful lyrics, when put beside such stuff that Byron wrote, make his work look like school-boy scribbles. Modern poetry is simplicity itself, but it is grand, it is stupendous, it is beautiful! Merely consider the following lines picked from somewhere, and you will beyond doubt agree with me:

"She glanced at him with love-like eyes  
And gain'd his heart.  
She spoke to him with guileless sighs  
To send her dart.  
And then denied returning glances,  
And broke his heart."

The past, too, boasts of its excellent pastorals and country-side poetry. But the past boasts of it merely to elevate poorly written lines which can never speak for themselves, and would otherwise sink into total obscurity. They cannot even be compared to the following famous song of nowadays, that can but live through the ages until the earth is swallowed up by the sun:

"Tea diddle, diddle,  
The cat and the fiddle,  
And the cow jumped over the moon," etc.

Neither Shakespeare nor Milton were ever capable writing such vibrating verse.

Robert Burns, we are told, has written wonderful love poetry that tugs at the heart and makes one feel better for reading it. That may be, but modern poets insert in their lines an element of feeling that is utterly strange to poets of by-gone ages. Consider the following poem called "Hurt":

"Dear heart, if I have wronged you,  
Do not grieve;  
But dry your eyes, smile your smile,  
And believe  
Not my supercilious mien.  
What the eye speaks not  
The heart more often feels."

"The heart may groan forever,  
Be in pain  
At each scorned look of one loved,  
Yet retain  
A placid, motionless face.  
But the heart is there  
To feel each dart of scorn."

There you have something that not only tugs at the heart, but keeps on tugging, and brings tears to the eyes. There you have something that the poor intellects of the exaggerated nineteenth century could never have hoped to attain. Something, in short, that will stand the hard tests and knocks of the oncoming ages, and live through them successfully. The author of this article, indeed, really regrets that so many college professors of today waste their time and energy on the Nineteenth Century stuff, when there is such a wealth of ideal in the Twentieth.—H.H., in McGill Daily.

wards the little finger? These little lines rank from one-eighth to one-quarter of an inch in length. These little lines in Palmistry represent the children. The heavier lines stand for the boys, the lighter lines for the girls.

If you have more than one marriage line, the heaviest and longest line is the correct one, the others are romances.

Watch for the next article on the head, life and fate lines.

—M. C.

### The Sow's Ear

A Column for the Cultured

We, as a highly conservative organ, have been forced of late to refuse an invitation to take up the cudgels on behalf of that hideous Communist practice, the Dutch treat. We have been petitioned urgently by numbers of male students. They have come to us with tears in their red-rimmed eyes, and have whispered in voices hoarse with emotion, "For God's sake, Sow, sponsor the Dutch treat." Now we refuse to sponsor it! Let us be firm on that point. What! Good Sooth! Have the lady pay half the cost of a dance, or a show, when it is a well-known fact that the lady extracts neither pleasure nor education from these diversions. Her attendance is a concession to the egotism or the dire necessity of the male. Do women habitually attend dances alone? No! Ergo, women are not fond of attending dances, and males must pay to recompense them somewhat for the inconvenience of attending. We must express our suppliant admiration for their attitude—they will, at a dance, compose their face into a fixed friendly smile, but we who have lived know that beneath this outward sign of cheer there oft beats an aching heart, a heart longing for a quiet hour at Latin or Maths. Women have ever been the heroines of the race, and must we males be so base as to place a tariff on their sacrifice? Would we take the spinster's mite? If we do, may our names forever remain unsung in the annals of this Canada of ours, this glorious Western heritage, which is, in the words of the immortal bard, "Our home, our native land." I might be permitted to quote that eminent authority on feminine psychology, Dr. Ramsay Little, who states in one of his recent works, "De foeminas amando":

"In dealing with women (to be facetious, might I say, the squeaker sex), it is an incontestable axiom that when in male company, the female is impecunious, and relies on the male for support and sustenance, and any of the recent efforts, to nullify this axiom must inevitably end in chaos and ineffectiveness." We might also quote Dr. Lee Cameron, but his remarks are so intensely idiomatic as to be well-nigh unquotable.

To sum up our arguments—Firstly, women do not enjoy those amusements to which males drag them, but attend solely from a high sense of duty and an altruistic spirit. Secondly, women are impecunious, according to Dr. Little, who should know.

We wish in a kind, fatherly, editorial fashion to anathematize the hideous practice of denoting certain dances in a program as moonlights. While our experience has not been as wide or as varied as we would wish (Ladies, please note), still our limited peregrinations into the happy meadows of Romance have taught us that true Romance is always unexpected. This forecasting of those passages of the evening which shall provide an exquisite setting for those picturesque and lofty thoughts which rise in the breasts of all of us, it seems to us, must of necessity prove a check to the element of delicious surprise which is so essential an ingredient of these picturesque and lofty thoughts. In our case Love has always taken us by surprise, caught us off our guard. If a moonlight is suddenly sprung on one, who can describe the delight of suddenly finding oneself in the arms of another man's woman, with dim lights, sobbing, appealing music, quiet murmurings of saxophones, sad, piercing wail of the violin! Ah! Paradise!

Sentimentally yours,  
AREOPERIMETER.

### The PIG'S EYE



We confess that we were somewhat perturbed by the appearance of a letter in our esteemed contemporary's column which was evidently intended for a verbal castigation of our unhappy self. We are unacquainted with the lady in question and are completely at a loss as to why she should so attack us. We gather, furthermore, that she is not alone in her contempt of us. She mentions, somewhat ungrammatically it is true, "us girls." Heavens! are we the innocent object of co-ed scorn! The thought appals us.

On severe reflection of our past life and particularly our university career, we still cannot find any adequate reason for such an attitude on the part of our gentler associates. Seek as we will through the mingled comedy and tragedy which has been our lot we find nothing so specifically damning. Our joys have been humble and our sorrows obscure. We have gone our quiet and unobtrusive way seeking neither fame nor publicity. We have wronged no one save possibly ourselves. Why then this virulent scourging?

But perhaps we have not been sympathetic enough towards co-eds and co-eds activities. Perhaps our diffidence has been misconstrued as contempt. Can it be that we, the most retiring of men, are classed as an enemy of woman? True, we have not the honeyed words, the effusive adulations of our friend Areoperimeter. We lack even the ostentatious capitals which deck his column. In fact, the more we view him, the spoiled darling of feminine adoration, basking in the sunlight of pure and unsullied veneration, the deeper the gloom which enshrouds us.

But we cannot endure these tormenting thoughts. We cannot believe that we must walk the dark path of life alone, unloved, unloving. No! We breathe defiance to our adversary. We fling this charge in his face: He wrote the letter himself!

Juvenile precocity has always been a source of pain to us. The more so when, day after day, it is forced upon our unwilling attention. By some mischance we take some junior courses in which we associate with Freshmen. At one time we looked upon Freshmen with kindly interest, even a mild and impersonal affection. But we have been rudely and vigorously divorced from such feelings. Our attitude has become almost one of hostility.

The reason for such a violent change is complex. It has many sources, but principally the first mentioned, precocity. Time and time again we have settled down for a nap during some wearying lecture only to be awakened by a Freshman answering a prof's questions. Not merely nodding assent to his remarks as some of the dimmer bulbs are wont to do, but actually answering his questions. The thing is outrageous!

At first we were inclined to ignore the offence remembering that inexperience is the most striking characteristic of the young. But when the offenders continued in their odious practices lenity gave way to genuine

### T. P. R.

(University Student Hospital Nurses)

Temperature, Pulse, and Respiration, Here you'll find the explanation. Of every odd little rumour, Through space allotted our wit and humour.

A curious onlooker at the door of the classroom witnessed an odd group last Thursday afternoon. A perfect pantomime of an antediluvian death scene was being enacted. Five veiled heads were bowed reverently over a prostrate figure resting on a low couch. Near by sat a doctor toying with his stethoscope. Half a dozen other figures surrounded these, all eyes fastened upon the couch. Not a movement, not a sound was heard. The onlooker was about to withdraw when Dr. Jamieson asked, "Now, is this clear to everyone? Is there anyone who does not understand how to take blood pressures?"

The move to the Whyte Block, so long contemplated with various emotions, is now history—very recent history. Though we appreciate the many advantages of our new abode, and do not regret the change, it may take us some little time to get accustomed to a few of the unusual regulations. The walk isn't so bad in this weather, and few of us have been late—yet.

The first morning, in our zeal to be there on time, we arrived at the hospital half an hour before roll-call. This unusual experience was quite too much for some members of class October '29, who either couldn't hear their names, or had lost their powers of speech. The latter alternative, however, is scarcely probable.

aversion. If this habit is continued all possibility of relaxation in classes will vanish. No more will upper classmen nod and doze to the soothing drone of academic rites. Haggard and weary men will find no repose in the very haunts of slumber, but rather restlessness and tumult.

The effect on instructors will be incalculably harmful. Urged on by false hopes they will seek greater and greater response from their classes until the undergraduate mind is become a weak and servile thing fit only for tests and quizzes. The lordly indifference which characterizes the student will vanish and we shall know him only as a pedantic swot, a thing loathed by all honest men.

—H. D. S.

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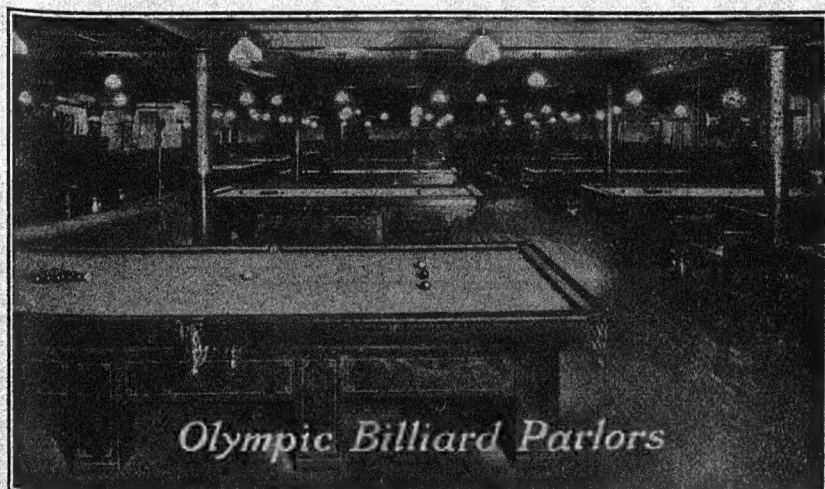
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### THE MING VASE

By Lerov

I was sitting one night in the home of a friend, a man who, always in search of the exotic, had had varied and interesting adventures in many of the Far Places of the world. During a lull in the conversation, I noticed on the mantel-piece a vase which immediately caught my interest, and on examining it I found to my great surprise that it was a genuine Ming, a true relic of that dynasty of which the influence still has a deep hold on the life of China. On looking more closely, I saw that the vase was a patchwork, that it had been broken at some time or other into a hundred pieces, which had carefully been reconstructed.

Turning to my friend, I said, "Tell me the circumstances of the breaking of this vase."

He looked at me a moment, and then began: "That vase has a very colorful and fascinating history. A thousand years ago it was given to the Mandarin Din-Lah by the then Emperor, in return for highly valued services in the repulse of an invasion of northern barbarians. The Mandarin died in battle some years later, and the vase took on in the family a sort of holiness, and took a large part in the ritual of ancestor worship which held so dominant a place in every Chinese family.

"Later generations of the Din-Lah's came to ascribe to the vase remarkable healing powers, and the members of the family firmly believed that if the evening prayers were said in front of it, no harm could possibly come to the devotee during the next day. Needless to say, the evening ceremony was seldom dispensed with.

"At one time this particular province, which is far up the Yangtze-Kiang, was overrun by barbarians, and the precious vase was carried to the home of the conquerors. The family of Din-Lah didn't rest until a Chinese army had thrown off the yoke of the infidels, invaded their northern domain, and brought back the symbol on which the family's—and, as it came to be believed—the country's safety depended.

"The vase had many other interesting adventures. It came into my possession this way: Years ago an uncle of mine, a medical missionary, was dispensing cures and Christianity in this very province on the Yangtze-Kiang, and after many discussions and arguments, 'about it and about,' he converted the existing Mandarin Din-Lah to Christianity. Not long after this, the beautiful young daughter of Lah was kidnapped from her garden one day by a band of barbarians. It was entirely due to the sagacity and courage of my uncle that she was restored unharmed to the frantic parent. In return, he conferred on the rescuer his most valued possession—the Ming Vase. When my uncle died it was left in the care of my aunt, who on her return from China, gave it to me. And there you are."

"Yes, yes," I said. "But you haven't told me yet how the vase was broken."

"Oh," came the reply. "On her return from China, my aunt packed in the vase a few jars of choice Chinese marmalade, which she wished to bring back with her. During the rough voyage down the Yangtze-Kiang, the marmalade jars, jumping around, broke the vase into many small pieces."

... I never did like marmalade.

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# SPORTS



## U.B.C. Canadian Rugby Team Has Strong Line Of Fighters

Varsity and B.C. Each Have Six Unbroken Victories—McGill's Eastern Champion Team May Play at Coast in Christmas Holidays

Here are the men who compose the hitherto undefeated U.B.C. Canadian rugby team that is tackling the Alberta team, Western Intercollegiate champions, at Vancouver. By the time this article is gone to press the two teams will have met in one game of their two game series. Up to date both teams have six straight victories to their credit, and now this string is likely to be broken. Both teams are fast and heavy, and a great struggle is looked for. In all probability McGill's Red Team, champions of eastern universities, will play at Vancouver during the Christmas holidays, and this will furnish a good idea of the relative merits of Eastern and Western football.

### Who's Who

(Reprinted from the Ubysey)

**Dr. Gordon Burke.**—Dr. Burke, who has figured in Varsity's history since the inception of Canadian rugby, is a coach of sterling value and incommensurable worth. He is a veteran of the University of Washington Huskies, for whom he played end, and he still delights in bringing down the occasional 200-pounder to demonstrate the undeniable fact that

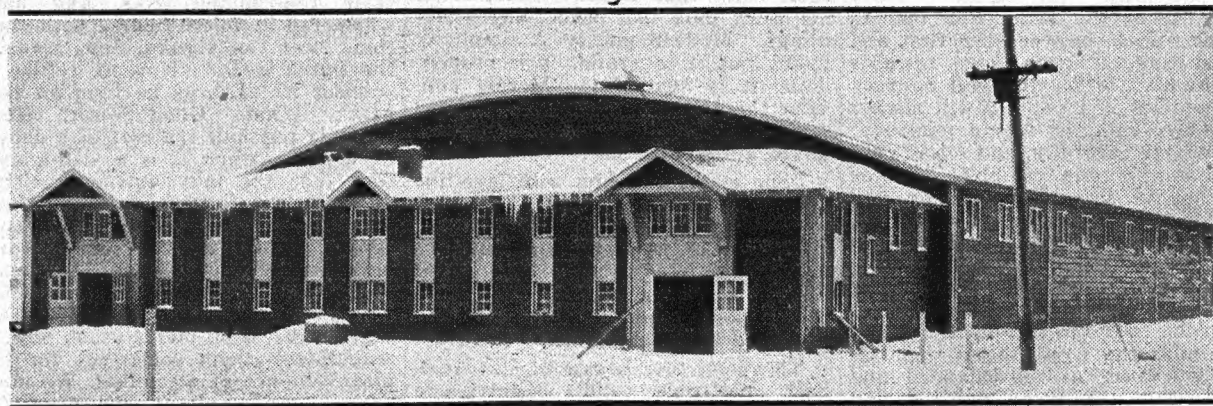
he can both practise and preach with balanced skill.

**Norman Burley.**—Norm, famous as star middle for Kingston Royal Military College and Queen's University, is well known in national football circles, both as a player and coach. On this coast he played for the old Native Sons and has acted as mentor for Vancouver, Varsity and several other local clubs. Of late years, however, he has been attached solely to Varsity. Both Norm and Dr. Burke deserve the credit for any success which this University has achieved in the past, and the fact that they sacrificed their personal time and comfort without remuneration is a striking example of unselfish interest in the game.

**President Wilmer Haggerty.**—Bill gleaned his knowledge and experience as protegee of Max Cameron, famous as the central figure in last year's struggle for major standing. In his official capacity as President of the Canadian Rugby Club, Bill is always in the thick of things looking after the interests of football enthusiasts in the University. His indefatigable energy and unquestionable "college spirit" is no small factor in the inner workings of the Canadian rugby team.

**Captain Vic Odium.**—Vic arrived here last year from R. M. C. after several years of big league football. He starred on the lineup of last year's Lipton Cup champions in the middle position, and was unanimously elected as Captain for 1928-29. His vast experience and fighting proclivities are often the power which turns the tide of battle.

**Neil Watson.**—Centre. Neil has a spiral pass which is dead sure and a dream to work with. Invaluable as snap-back, he has the ability—we are sorry about this condition—to



Varsity's splendid Covered Rink, which was built by the students of the University of Alberta, presented to the University, and formally opened on Dec. 1, 1927. The new rink was a success last year, and should see an even better season in 1928-29.

play any other position on the team. An episode is recollected where the gentleman in question officiated as quarterback with hitherto unsuspected ability.

**Sandy Smith.**—Also centre. Sandy undoubtedly knows what he is doing on both offense and defense. Any man who requests that someone be ready to carry the opposing snap off the field must be all right.

**Oliver Camozzi.**—Guard. Oliver is the prime mover in the well-known firm of Camozzi & Hall (un)-Ltd., inside. Bill Henderson, in the last game against Vancouver, hit the Varsity line, seemingly encountered a cement wall and rebounded correspondingly. Dr. Burke was heard to remark in a matter-of-fact tone, that Camozzi must have been in there somewhere.

**Wilf Hall.**—Also inside. Started with Varsity on the battling Intermediates of three years ago and has been working with Oliver Camozzi ever since. This pair are the classiest set of insides in seven counties.

**Denis Pearce.**—Still another guard. Den has appeared on the U.B.C. squad for the last three years and is a steady player with the characteristic Varsity fight, fight, fight.

**Ross Jackson.**—Tackle. Varsity's big blonde bucker, who partners with Captain Vic Odium. He good-naturedly offers himself as victim whenever Dr. Burke undertakes to show the Intermediates how to clip, with

(Continued on page six)

## SWIMMING CLUB WELL UNDER WAY

Thirty Boys in Regular Attendance at Saturday Night Plunges—Y.W.C.A.

The University of Alberta Swimming Club has, in years gone by, been considered as more or less of a joke in University athletics. But of recent years interest has revived, especially when last winter the U. of A. showed that it could make some showing against the carefully coached and experienced Saskatchewan team. It was seen then that all the Varsity swimmers needed to excel in the sport was more training and efficient coaching. Accordingly, the Swimming Club has made this year adequate arrangements for both of these, and the result of the Intervarsity Swimming Meet should be different.

**A Real Coach**  
The club has been most fortunate in securing the services of "Jimmy" Crockett, well-known Edmonton swimming expert, as coach for the season. Regular workouts are being held every Saturday evening at the Y.W.C.A., and the results are most gratifying. Already there are thirty lads in regular attendance, and each is shaping up well. It should be a lesson to haughty upper-class men that the majority of these are freshmen. And, though some of them are good swimmers, many of them have come because they are not afraid to learn. There are at least fifteen students in attendance who do not know how to swim, or who swim poorly. But these receive as much training as our stars, and are well on the way themselves to stardom. That's the spirit, boys! We wish there were more who were not afraid to come out and learn!

**Some Excellent Men**  
Of course we do not mean to insinuate that all the swimmers are inexperienced. On the contrary there are some very speedy mermen taking regular training. You would have to go a good many miles to find a faster man at the 220 yards than Ted Baker. And Jack Duggan can show enviable bursts of speed at times. And these are only two of many. It looks like a highly successful year for swimming.

**Club Meeting**  
Last Friday twenty enthusiasts who follow the sport met for an important meeting of the University Swimming Club. On this occasion the executive for the year was elected, and definite plans made for the new season. It did not take the boys long to decide on Bob McKechnie, one of last year's stars in the water with Saskatchewan, as the logical man for President of the club. Equally popular was the choice of Jack Duggan as secretary, and of Ted Baker as captain of the team.

With these lads at the helm and Coach Crockett on the quarter-deck, the good ship "Swimming Club" should have a profitable voyage this year. An elimination meet is to be held about the middle of December. There is still time to get into the big splash! How about it, boys?

## THE SKATING RINK

## SKATING BEGINS IF WINTER COMES

Many Improvements Made to Covered Rink—Cold Weather Alone Needed

As the month of November begins to wane, the minds of all students turn to thoughts of skating, of hockey, and of the Covered Rink. "When do we skate?" has been the cry everywhere heard during the last few days. For the benefit of these worried souls, let it be known that "if winter comes" the rink will at once open its doors to the skating public. Mr. Webster, the capable ice-maker, has been busy for several nights preparing the foundation and flooding. It now requires only a little cold weather to put the ice in perfect shape. Whenever the aforesaid cold weather happens along,

(Continued on page six)

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## ON COLLECTIONS

By K.

Coral, an' bottled flowers, an' singin' shells,  
An'—ah, Lord knows what else!  
But there, I've giv' 'em all to fancy gals,  
Or sold 'em to my pals:  
There ain't no sense in keepin' curios, see,  
For ramblin' blokes like me.

Curios.—C. F. Smith.  
Lest I be accused of plagiarism, I must start this essay with an apology to the muse that inspired that remarkable history entitled "Collectors," which appeared in this paper a few weeks ago. In extenuation I point out that neither my style nor my treatment follow those of my fore-runner and that my notes shall show one phase of the great appreciation this work received.

"Just look at this!" George whooped one night several weeks ago while perusing the paper containing the article I have referred to. "Here's a hit square in the eye for Charley, all about a poor hick that's gone nuts on stamps like he is."

With chuckles of delight interspersed, he read the feature to Charley and me in a loud enthusiastic voice, and concluded with a "There! What do you think of that! That's Charley down to T, isn't it?"

"How about yourself?" was the answer I heard. "It seems to me that you waste far more money collecting pennants than I do on stamps."

"Well, of course; they show you've been somewhere."

"Which is nothing to your credit; stamps show that you know something."

"Not much. Say, you know you've got enough stamps so you could send a ton of bricks separately wrapped and registered all the way from here to—Stoke Poges, where you say you came from."

"If I have, you've enough pennants to stretch, if placed end to end, from here to Mugicwasca Creek, whence you hail."

How the argument ended I cannot say; but I have recorded sufficient to show the effects of my contemporary's sad tale.

## A Scrap Box

But despite Charley's abominable habit of collecting stamps, he has a collection which I much admire. It is in the nature of a scrap book, although it is true that he has no book, but keeps the material in a cigarette box which he obtained from

a friend who smokes in order that he may make a rapid gathering of cigarette cards. This tin box, through which I delight to rummage, contains many clippings from various odd magazines and newspapers. Most of the extracts are poetry; but a few are prose; and all were chosen, Charley says, because he was highly delighted with them at the time. Since they are all dated very neatly in the margin, they show how their collector's taste has changed from year to year and day to day. They are therefore far more comprehensive than a diary, which, except in very unusual circumstances, must of necessity be self-conscious. Those who are interested in Charley may glean much knowledge of his character by knowing that some of the most common names among the writers of these scraps are, in order, C. F. Smith, Arthur Guiterman, O. R. Wray, Mary Carolyn Davies, Agnes Lee, John Drinkwater and Lowell Otus Reese. I have often thought of following a plan similar to this myself, though I could not hope to have my extracts as neatly arranged as he; but I fear that, knowing its value, I should make the collection too consciously selected.

## George's Collectology

George, too, is of interest to all students of collectology. But he no sooner amasses a hoard of objects than he tires of them and turns to something else. Thus he will be successively hunting high and low for vari-colored pencils, for different makes of thumbtacks, or even for different opinions on a subject. One week, I remember, he wrote about forty letters to manufacturing companies and received in return as many samples of shaving soap, razor blades, lipstick, cough syrups, hair removers, hair restorers, corn killers and other similar articles of trade. Most unfortunately the whole of his stock, with which he had decided to open up a miniature drug-store in residence, was destroyed on the occasion of a small three-cornered war between him and Charley and me. Much perfume being contained in his goods, for a few days after we all left the air behind us thick enough to slice.

## Who's Got the Button?

But you cannot persuade George that he has the collector's mania. Indeed if you dare to tell him so he bursts out with righteous indignation, which expresses itself in the form, "Aw! go thou and pursue thyself." Indeed, George loves to tell of a friend he had once who was making a collection of buttons. He had seven pop bottles full of buttons of various sizes, colours and shapes, but, by no means satisfied, was always trying to get more even though he might cause considerable embarrassment to others in his attempts. For if ever he saw a rare specimen on anyone's clothes he would not hesitate to ask for it, no matter how fundamentally necessary its owner might consider it.

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## RESPONSIBILITY

When Adam was reproved over his first transgression, he very thoughtfully passed the blame on to another. It is a significant fact that the first record of an administered reproof is also the first instance where an attempt was made to shift the responsibility.

In later days this habit has, it appears, clung closely to mankind in general. "Passing the buck" is still the first expedient to be thought of should trouble of any sort arise.

Yet those who dread responsibility rarely realize to what extent responsibility may extend. Let me cite an instance: An internationally famous man, noted alike in the financial and political worlds, was travelling in Europe thirty years ago. Those who came to associate with and know him, were astonished at his lavishness in answering the thousand and one begging requests that any wealthy man in his position would receive. Here was a shrewd financier, yet at the same time he allowed himself to be made an "easy mark" by every sharper that came along. It seemed a violent contradiction in his character.

One day one of the magnates inquired of the great man's secretary as to the reason of his prodigality in aiding whosoever cared to ask. The answer was brief.

Some ten years before, while the financier-politician was in Paris, he had been accosted by a beggar. Being at the time busily engaged with matters of importance, he had brusquely dismissed him. That night the unfortunate mendicant, his last ray of hope evidently gone, drowned himself in the Seine.

News of this came to the great man's ear. So strongly did he feel a sense of responsibility for the death of that almost unknown pauper that he immediately gave orders to his secretary to grant all reasonable requests for financial aid immediately, with no delay to inquire into the circumstances. This order was carried out faithfully to his dying day.

It would seem that he assumed an undue amount of responsibility over this lone affair. Yet—it was his readiness to assume responsibility in his walk of life that had raised him to his position in the world, and which made his name a byword throughout the British Empire.

Life is that way. Those who will not carry their share of responsibilities lose out. Those who shoulder the blame, grit their teeth and buckle in again, they are the winners.

And who would be a loser in life?  
—O. R. WRAY.

"The Log Of A Radioman"  
A TRAGEDY

The writer once sailed under a young captain who always kept the officers dining with him in a continuous state of merriment by his many and varied yarns. Although the writer thinks that an apology is due to Baron Munchausen, one of his best concerned an experience which, despite our dubious comments, he stoutly maintained to be true.

It appears that this captain, who, by the way, was an Englishman, once had a very real desire to find out for himself exactly what a real Canadian lumber camp looked like. When, during the course of his travels, his ship docked at St. Johns, N.B., he was able to gratify his wish. He managed to obtain a few days leave, and this he spent in visiting a large New Brunswick camp.

While there, he soon struck up an acquaintance with an experienced old lumberjack. As was only natural under the circumstances, they gathered together nightly in the bunkhouse and spent many a happy hour exchanging yarns over their pipes. The hardy old woodsman's life had been full of adventure. It appears that he, with a companion, was once engaged in cutting down a very large tree. To his horror, his axe suddenly slipped and cut his companion's head clean off! To the ordinary citizen this, indeed, would be a terrible happening. Even the old logger, who had been chased by the famous side hill gougers of British Columbia, and who had been in many a tight corner while hunting wood-woofers in the wilds of the North West Territories, was, for the moment, non-plussed. His outdoor life had, however, taught him to think quickly, and it was only a moment or two before he had an inspiration. Scooping up a handful of snow, he worked it into a satisfactory adhesive state, and then placed some of it about the neck of the headless man. Then he reached down and picked up the head which, by the way, had rolled under a log, and stuck this rather necessary part of the man's anatomy in its proper position. The snow appeared to form a satisfactory adhesive, and after resting a few minutes, the man was able to resume his work.

Some time later the dinner bell rang, and the two men threw down their tools and walked rapidly to the cook house. They were soon seated at the dinner table. All went well until the soup course. Then it was discovered that soup was trickling from the injured man's neck. It wasn't long before the snow had melted, and then, of course, the man's head rolled off and under the table!

At this stage of the yarn the captain found pressing business up on the bridge of the ship. As no mariner, no matter how bold, would dare to bother the captain of a ship while he was engaged at some pressing navigational problem, we did not delve further into the case of the unfortunate lumberman. After some debate among ourselves, we came to the unanimous conclusion that, in all probability, he died!

—PERCY A. FIELD.

## IN POETIC VEIN

Within, the all consuming flame  
Burns brightly, and the fierce poetic urge

Torments me, leaves no peace within.  
Emotions, mixed but potent, surge  
I long to write an epic-didger,  
Or anything! I ask not fame,  
But will not promise to reject it—  
yet to win

The laurel crown, is ne'er the aim  
Of your true poet. In a name  
There's nothing, says our Stratford bard,  
And spake sweet truth; I shall not  
count it hard,

If, when I go to Heaven, my cognomen  
Is quite forgot on earth—but that  
my pen  
May be remembered. So, in style  
antique

The help and guidance of the Muse  
Come, heavenly Muse; instruct, inspire  
me then!

To sing my lay, as doth the cackling hen!  
And yet, I pause, and scratch my brow,  
perplexed,  
I've killed the Muse,—now what the  
devil next?

I have it! Choose a theme!—no bard  
can write  
With naught to write about, and so,  
tonight,  
My theme shall chosen be!

Love? Yes,—and yet,—love is a  
thing no more,  
Belonging rather to the happy days  
of yore.

And incidentally, all that I might say  
On such a lofty theme, has all been  
said before  
By old Ben Jonson, Browning; such  
as they

Have quite exhausted love's poetic mine,  
And so, with candid grace, I here  
resign

The high and lofty theme of love  
to seek  
Another. Though it takes a week  
To find one, that is but to be  
Not unexpected, for no worthy theme  
is found without some effort, therefore  
we

Once more shall cast about, nor shall  
I deem  
Myself unlucky if I hook no prize,  
From all the mental exploration I'll  
devise!

But to our work, my masters!  
Politics?  
Ah! There's a subject! But reflection  
proves  
There's no such thing. Now all is  
scandal, tricks,

Whispers and mud and filth and tea-  
pot domes,  
Unworthy themes for such as I, who  
love

Naught save the pure—and dedicates  
his poems  
To truth and beauty! Thence, vile  
theme, begone!

I quite reject you, hence must  
choose another one.  
I turn to Nature, she who cradles all

## High Shots and Backfires

(Notes from an Engineer's Diary)

People are always looking over our shoulders as we write our little piece, so we have found ourselves a quiet room for once, where we are surrounded only by high-frequency apparatus. Too many curious people have discovered the identities of two of us. Who "A.G." is some have yet to discover.

Considerable difficulty in obtaining partners is being experienced by would-be Junior Prom goers, despite offers by Waunetas and Engineers to make suitable arrangements. Most co-eds, in perusing one gentleman's advertisement, find themselves too bashful to go to the power plant. A "Lonesome Sheba," who seems especially anxious, might find that "A.G." would fill the bill as a "Love-able Shiek" to perfection.

News of interest to Engineers is noticeably lacking this week, due no doubt to the test season being in full swing. Better luck next time.

From personal observation we find that very few engineering students use the reading department in the library. Many articles of scientific interest are to be found in the several periodicals subscribed to.

In the "Proceeding of the National Academy of Science" for June there is a most interesting article on the "Continuous Creation of the Common Elements out of Positive and Negative Electrons," by Millikan and Cameron.

J. R. B. Jones: "Isn't Ted Baker an awful ladies' man?"  
R. C. Proctor: "Yeah. He does pick some awful ones."

J. Hawkins: "Why does a blush creep slowly over a co-ed's face?"  
J. Batson: "Because if it ran it would raise a dust."

Dr. Sheldon (entering the lecture room): "Gentlemen, I have just finished correcting your test papers. I wish to announce that the score is 59-12 in my favor."

May we observe that the city council of Edmonton has only to read "High Shots and Backfires" to be convinced of the high moral and intellectual standard of the Engineers, at least in the University? A standard due no doubt to the influence of the members of the staff in the Faculty of Applied Science who teach Sunday school. Some Engineers are even trusted with taking the collection—and by "taking" we don't mean "keeping."

—FAGNIP.

## MISTRUST

I fear  
When sun is set  
And there is no light  
Near.  
Then Terror comes a'droning through  
the Night  
To whisper in my ear,  
"Trust no man."  
I cannot help but hear  
When sun is set.  
I hope I can  
And then I can't—forget!  
—O. R. W.

## Clearing Wood Land

The woods are old  
And man is very new:  
The birds are shrieking, "Spare the  
trees,"  
But afar—is a murmur—is a crying  
Of the race of men—their children  
Begging, "Give us bread."

The arm is strong  
And the steel is sharp.  
I go through the woodland  
And where I toil  
No bird will nest in coming years,  
But mankind will be fed  
Out of the forest's grave.  
—O. R. W.

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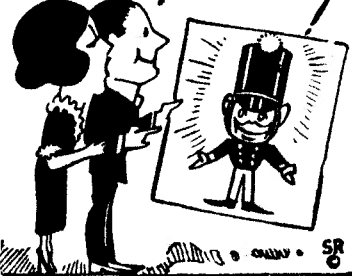
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## AGGIES ARE NEW SOCCER CHAMPIONS

**Defeat Pharmadenthoes  
First Game — Manson,  
Walch, Skitch Star**

During the interval between rugby games, soccer has again come to the fore, and almost every afternoon bitter battles are waged. On Friday the Aggies met the Pharmadenthoes for the interfaculty championship. A team with a name like that deserved to win, but the best they could do was to hold the Aggies to a scoreless draw. That, however, is more than any other soccer team has done this season. As it was too dark to play overtime, a second game was necessary to decide the title.

The Theologues were in rare form—no "peace on earth" for the Aggies that afternoon. The game was quite fast, in fact you had to play fast or freeze. From the standpoint of combination it was one of the best games of the season; local soccer teams are usually lamentably lacking in this respect. The defense of both teams was very strong, however, allowing few shots on goal. Thorpe and Nevezis starred for the Pharmadenthoes, you know the rest. The line-backing of Galbraith was also much in evidence—in fact the struggle at some moments almost developed into a rugby game. The heavy kicking of Carlisle frequently saved the Aggies from the onslaught of the dangerous Meds. Manson and Symonick played their usual tricky game on the for-

ward line, fooling the Med backs again and again.

Continuing the mighty battle of last Friday, the Aggies and the Pharmadenthoes clashed once more yesterday afternoon. The two teams were unable to come to an agreement as to which was superior when they last tangled, but both were determined to break the deadlock this time once and for all. After a fierce tussle, the Aggies finally emerged on the satisfactory side of a 2-1 score, and were acclaimed this season's interfaculty champs.

The game did not get under way until very late in the afternoon, with the result that darkness made play very difficult especially during the second half. A biting November wind served to increase the trials of the doughty booters, but in spite of darkness and cold, both sides put up an exceptionally fast brand of soccer. There was a great deal of snappy individual play and one or two flashes of very pretty combination. Manson, the Aggies' brilliant forward, starred. He was responsible for both his team's goals. Its defense was well looked after by Barford and Broadfoot, who came through with some mighty booting at opportune times. For the Pharmadenthoes, Walch, did telling work on the forward line. His speed was much in evidence. Cut-sungavich and Skitch were both dangerous men, and succeeded in making it hot for the Aggies' goalie more than once.

The game started off with a bang. The Aggies were thirsting for blood right from the beginning, and Manson got through for a pretty goal before the Pharmadenthoes were well warmed up. They got going immediately, however, and the play became very fast, see-sawing from one end of the field to the other. Both goalies were subjected to a constant barrage of aggressively booted shots, but both held firm. Towards the end of the first half the Aggies obtained their second tally when Manson scored on a penalty kick. The second half opened with the Pharmadenthoes pressing hard and play centering around the mouth of the Aggies' goal. Thorpe finally succeeded in securing the Pharmadenthoes' lone goal on a neat corner kick from Cut-sungavich. The pace slackened somewhat from then on, as it was too dark to see a football at ten yards, and the remainder of the game was scoreless.

The lineups follow:  
Aggies—Foster, Carlisle, Davies, Milligan, Cameron, Young, Peto, Garrison, Manson, Symonick, Holowaychuk.  
Pharmadenthoes — Vosburgh, Nevezis, Brynildson, Thorpe, McLeod, Galbraith, Skitch, Bainbridge, Boykowitch, Walch, Madill.  
Referee—Donaldson.

### WAUNEITAS, ATTENTION!

The annual Hut Night takes place on November 27. All Wauneitas are asked to meet at 7:30 p.m. in the Upper Wauneita Rooms. The tribe will go on together to the Red Cross Hut and give the program as usual.

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## What Is A University?

"The college is a place where men are studying human life, man, and the world in which he lives. We take it that your coming here means that you join us in that enterprise, that you are eager to understand what human life is and does." This is a quotation from Dr. Meikeljohn, former President of Amherst College, and while he was referring to the Arts College, we can well take it as an aim in whatever department of this University we may be studying.

What do these words suggest? If we are to set out on a study of human life, it suggests at once that we are starting on a quest. This is hard to understand at first, because most of us are accustomed to think of Truth as a body of collected fact. All one has to do is to learn these facts to at once become wise. A most uninspiring occupation!—and a most false one! This is a changing developing world, and Truth develops with the world; and if we would possess it we must fight for it and suffer for it—and that is not saying that we will gain it in the end.

It has been pithily said that "Truth is the search for Truth" and if we set out with the desire to know the truth about human life, it will be a rather uncertain adventure, but a thrilling one for us.

Again, these words suggest that other men than Arts students may gain a liberal education, if they will study their subject broadly in its relation to all of life. Surely a Science student who studies his bridge-building or mining as one great branch of human activity, and thinks of its bearing on Labour problems or natural development or man's love for beautiful things will get an intelligent grasp on human life.

It is still easier for a Medical student, because he is working day after day with the very stuff out of which life is made. He knows the delicate and well-wrought mechanisms that enter into the make-up of our bodies, and he can see our relation to the rest of the animal kingdom. If he will work on those human problems of pain, disease, and death, he too can get a broad understanding of life. And so it is with other professions.

One more thought these words suggest. College life for most of us is a queer jumble of many things, and we find it impossible to decide what is important and what is not. But if we are engaged in a "study of human life" things seem to drop into their proper places. We find it easy to decide what course we will take, because we will choose that which will help us most in our "study." We find it easy to decide what clubs we will belong to, what kinds of friends we will look for. There is no separation between college and other activities, as we usually make, because all is work and all is play.

## SYMPHONY SEASON OPENED SUNDAY

**Mr. David Jones Soloist—Students Patronage Facilitated by Special Rates**

Sunday night, Nov. 18, afforded many of the citizens of Edmonton the privilege of listening to the first concert of the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra. The programme was presented in the Empire Theatre, though the city papers made confusing announcements to the contrary. The conductorship of Mr. Vernon Barford was particularly impressive, as he directed the orchestra through five successful numbers.

The opening number was a Suite from the play "Sigurd Jorsalfar," Opus 56, by Edward Hagerup Grieg. It is written in three parts, each of which gives a vivid tone picture strikingly original by virtue of the virility and purely spontaneous quality of the themes. The Introduction represents the hero in all his rugged strength. The Intermezzo is decidedly lyrical and inspired by great beauty. The Triumphal March is dramatic, heroic and masterfully scored by a genius.

One need hear only a few bars of a Mozart Symphony to be impressed with the classical nature of the works of this great composer. The E.S.O. rendered as their second number Symphony No. 41 in C Major (Jupiter), by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. Symphony No. 41 is written in four movements: I, Allegro Vivace, the chief subject; II, Andante Cantabile, which was omitted; III, Minuetto Allegretto, a purely conventional movement; and IV, Finale Allegro. Of the four movements the Finale is by far the greatest. The Jupiter Symphony is considered one of the great classic masterpieces of music.

An Edmonton audience expects something of a superior nature when the name of Mr. David Jones appears on a programme. It need hardly be stated that Mr. Jones met the anticipation of his many admirers when he sang "Ah, Moon of My Delight" from "In a Persian Garden," by Lehmann, and "Vesti la giubba" from "Pagliacci," by Leoncavallo. Keen appreciation was extended after these numbers, and Mr. Jones responded with a selected encore. He was accompanied by Mrs. McQuaig.

A light touch was added to the programme in the playing of a Suite by Edward Alexander MacDowell. The compositions of MacDowell cover a wide range of expression. "He is paramourly a poet to whom the supplementary gift of musical speech has been extravagantly vouchsafed" (Gilman). He was a pioneer in the use of Indian melodies, which he has cleverly employed in this Suite: "To a Wild Rose," "The Indian Lodge," and "To a Water Lily."

The Bambooula Opus 75 (Rhapsodic Dance) by Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, is a number that has been heard before on the E.S.O. platform. It is very rapid and somewhat tempestuous throughout, and is built upon the theme of a West Indian Negro dance. Coleridge-Taylor's orchestral colouring has always been a predominant feature of his art, and this characteristic is well brought out in "The Bambooula."

"Overture di Ballo" in E Flat by Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan, concluded the programme. The rhythms employed throughout by the composer are peculiar to the dance, but the overture is cast in a perfectly classical mould. Sullivan's treatment of the orchestra is unsurpassed by the greatest masters and the admirable instrumentation in the Overture di Ballo is a worthy representative of his extraordinary ability in this field of endeavor.

Students in the University who are interested in good music would be doing themselves a good turn and coincidently helping to foster good music if they would attach their names to the subscription list and attend the Symphony concerts. The management of the Symphony Orchestra Association tenders reduced rates to University students on a certain number of good seats. These can be arranged for by communicating with Mr. C. T. Hustwick, Secretary and Business Manager of the Symphony Orchestra Association, at his office in the Empire Theatre.

## U.B.C. CANADIAN RUGBY TEAM HAS STRONG LINE OF FIGHTERS

(Continued from page four)

the whispered phrase, "The bigger they are, the harder," etc.

**Jack Cummings.**—End. Jack is fast and a good tackle, and has all the knowledge of a good outside man's complicated duties at his finger tips.

**John Coleman.**—Flying wing. This is Johnnie's first year in fast company and he seems to be enjoying himself. He learned his football at St. Andrew's College, Toronto, and they seem to turn out fairly good pupils. "Coleman" is a name which strikes terror to the hearts of opposing safety men, for if they are on the receiving end of a punt, Johnnie is always waiting to welcome them with open arms and a set jaw. Since the game at Queen's Park he has reached the momentous conclusion that shoes work better with cleats.

**Campbell Duncan.**—Another end. Cam's latent talent was well-developed on last year's Big Four lineup. He is known locally by the delightful cognomen of "the tacklin' fool," and he never spares himself in his almost fanatic eagerness to "get his man."

**Tommy Berto.**—Quarterback. Tommy handled the Intermediates last year in his first season, and this year has moved up to the first string. He is a natural athlete with an instinctive "football brain."

**Steve Gittus.**—Also quarter. Steve is one of the youngest boys on the squad, but that is no standard by which to judge his rugby. He is an ex-Kiski and former Hyack with considerable experience already behind him.

**"Cokie" Shields.**—Half. "Cokie" needs no introduction to the public. He scintillates in every branch of sport, and displays his breath-taking speed and awesome kicking in every game. Often his superhuman toe, left or right, has been the power behind the throne in Varsity's victories.

**Charlie Wentworth.**—Half. Charlie, in the comparatively short time which he has been with us, has earned for himself an enviable reputation and is one of the proverbial good men who can't be kept down.

**Blair Dickson.**—Half. Blair is back again after a regrettable absence of one year, but he is showing his old form. When he gets under way he can't be stopped and he runs like a scarred cat.

**Lloyd Gillanders.**—Half. Lloyd is another speed artist who has joined the big league, for whom we must thank the Blackhawk Junior team of 1927-28.

**Gavin Dirom.**—Half. Gav. returned a little late this year, but he is now in lovely condition and his massive bulk and speed can't be touched. Another veteran.

**Harold Cliffe.**—Another inside (cf. Camozzi, Hall, etc.). Cliffe is a late development, but he has the frame and the enthusiasm, which is half the battle. Harold showed up well in the game at Victoria.

### SATURDAY DANCE

Varsity students gathered for the weekly hop in the gym on Saturday night. In spite of the dense crowd and denser air, a spirit of revelry prevailed, and the orchestra was quite up to its usual form. Very fortunately for one co-ed, there were no extras, for she, in a rash moment, had promised the first to five different men.

The water-hole and the open door were as popular as ever, and the bleachers were adorned by the usual stag line. Nothing happened to distinguish this dance from any other, and at 10:30 we hurried home to get our beauty sleep.

### NOTICE

The Math Club will meet in A-239 on Tuesday, Nov. 27. Prof. Morrison will give a paper on "Operators." Tea will be served at 7:30.

### Alumni Prospects

A new and significant function of Princeton is well illustrated in the "alumni precepts" which seem to be gaining such popularity here. An "alumni precept," it must be explained, is a monthly meeting in Princeton of a small group of graduates with a favorite professor of their undergraduate days. The subject discussed may vary from Old English literature to the newest discoveries in the field of science.

To find alumni returning to Princeton at frequent intervals, not for the purpose of watching a football game or a crew race, but for intellectual stimulation, shatters another very popular illusion. Plato is given an even break with the eleven.

That Princeton should continue as the wellspring of the intellectual endeavors of its sons after their graduation seems an ideal worth striving for. "Alumni Precepts" are a step in the right direction. It seems to us that the end in view can also be fostered by the Alumni Weekly. Most alumni bulletins are little more than advertising mediums for their universities. Let the Princeton alumni organ take the lead in providing real intellectual fodder for its readers. With 300 professors to draw from, this project should not present great difficulties. — The Daily Princetonian.

### S.C.M. MEETING

A good number, in spite of five other society meetings, turned out to hear Harry Avison, graduate of McGill, new Western Secretary of the S.C.M. His topic, "Life," and "outlining what it includes, namely, the institutions home, school, church, community and state," invoked an interesting discussion. What changes had taken place in these in the past generation, how, why, and whether better or worse, were some of the questions raised.

The executive and a few others met at the home of Dr. and Mrs. A. O. Sproule to meet Mr. Avison on Wednesday evening. The purpose and methods of the S.C.M. as carried on here were criticized and compared with those seen in other colleges in Canada. It was decided to send a representative to the General Committee of the National organization, to be held in Toronto December next. Don Sproule was appointed to look after the Sunday Forum, Glen Craig for the bulletin board, Tom Haythorne for study groups, and John Farrell and Howard Smith for publications and press reports.

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## SKATING BEGINS IF WINTER COMES

(Continued from page four)

skating will follow immediately. So, altogether boys! Let's pray for cold weather!

### Many Improvements

Bruce Massie, manager-elect for 1928-29, informs The Gateway that many improvements have been made to the rink since last year. There is a better foundation than ever, new hardwood floors have been installed, and more accommodation made for hockey teams in the way of dressing rooms, etc. If the management will go to such trouble to provide the student body with a Covered Rink second to none in the city, there is no excuse for the man (or woman) who does not make full use of the opportunities offered.

### Season Tickets

There will be three bands a week for skating, just as last year. Season tickets will be on the market very shortly. See that you get yours. And also keep in mind the opening of the Senior Amateur Hockey League to take place on December 4. See you at the rink!

## THANKS, YOUNG LADY

The other day a certain young lady purchased an article from a merchant advertising in The Gateway. She told the clerk she saw it in The Gateway. The clerk told the manager. The manager was mighty pleased. He was glad to give us another ad. Young lady, we don't know who you are, but we wish there were lots like you.



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